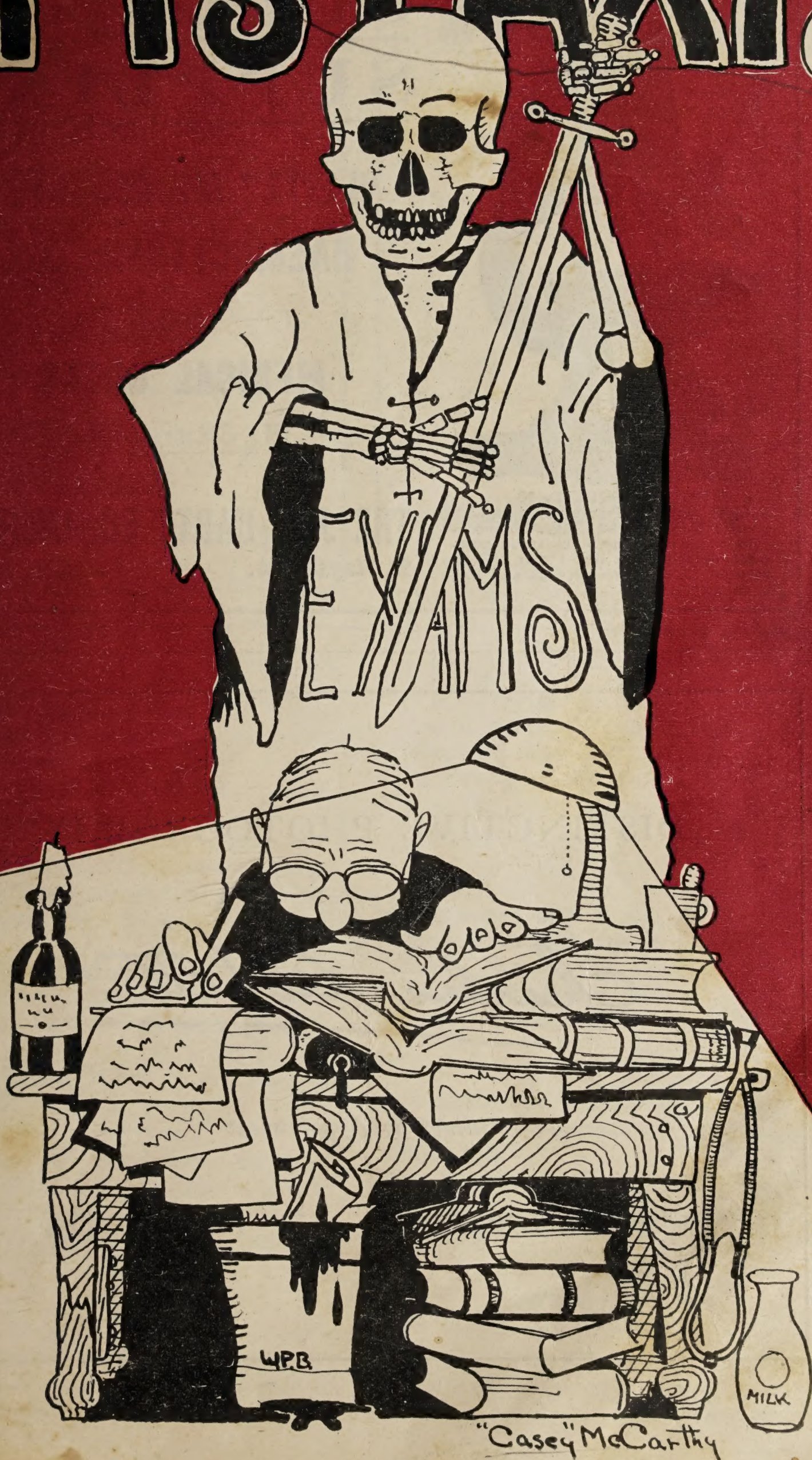
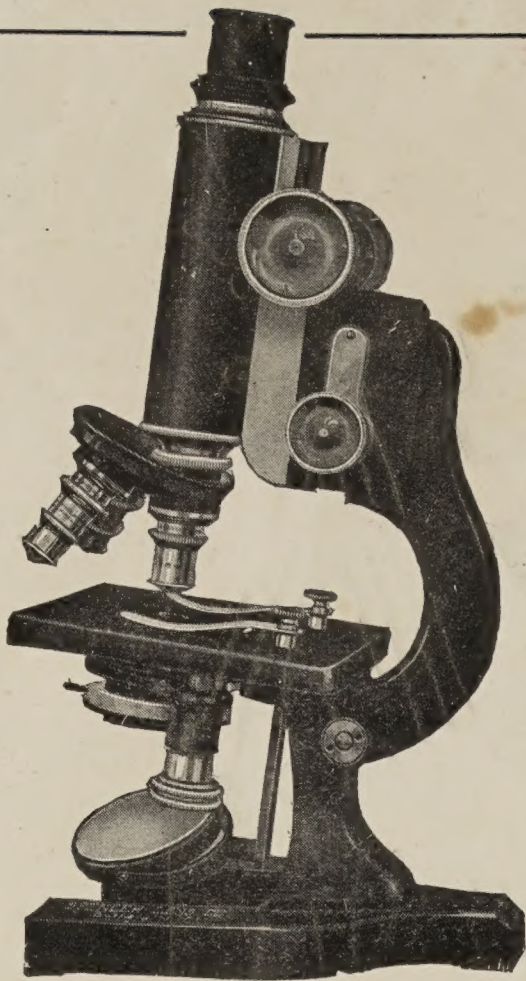


EPISTAXIS.





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THE GRADUATION PICTURES

Mr. Henderson, Pres. VI Year—
“‘Fat’ Fielden is the first to get his
picture taken.”

Clark Noble—“What! Is it going
to be a panorama.”

Prof. Duncan Graham—“This pa-
tient is prematurely aged but only
forty years old. How old does she
look?”

Fielding—“About 39.”

Little—“What is a neck presenta-
tion?”

Dr. Low—“When you pull the
head off.”

Barker, '26 (listening intently)—
“Yes, sir! There certainly is a rub.”

Dr. Detweiler—“Remarkable hear-
ing! Try it with the cover off your
scope.

Here is an “Inspiration.” Instead
of asking a patient to take a breath
ask him to “stretch his lungs and the
air in his lungs.”

Old Doc Cole

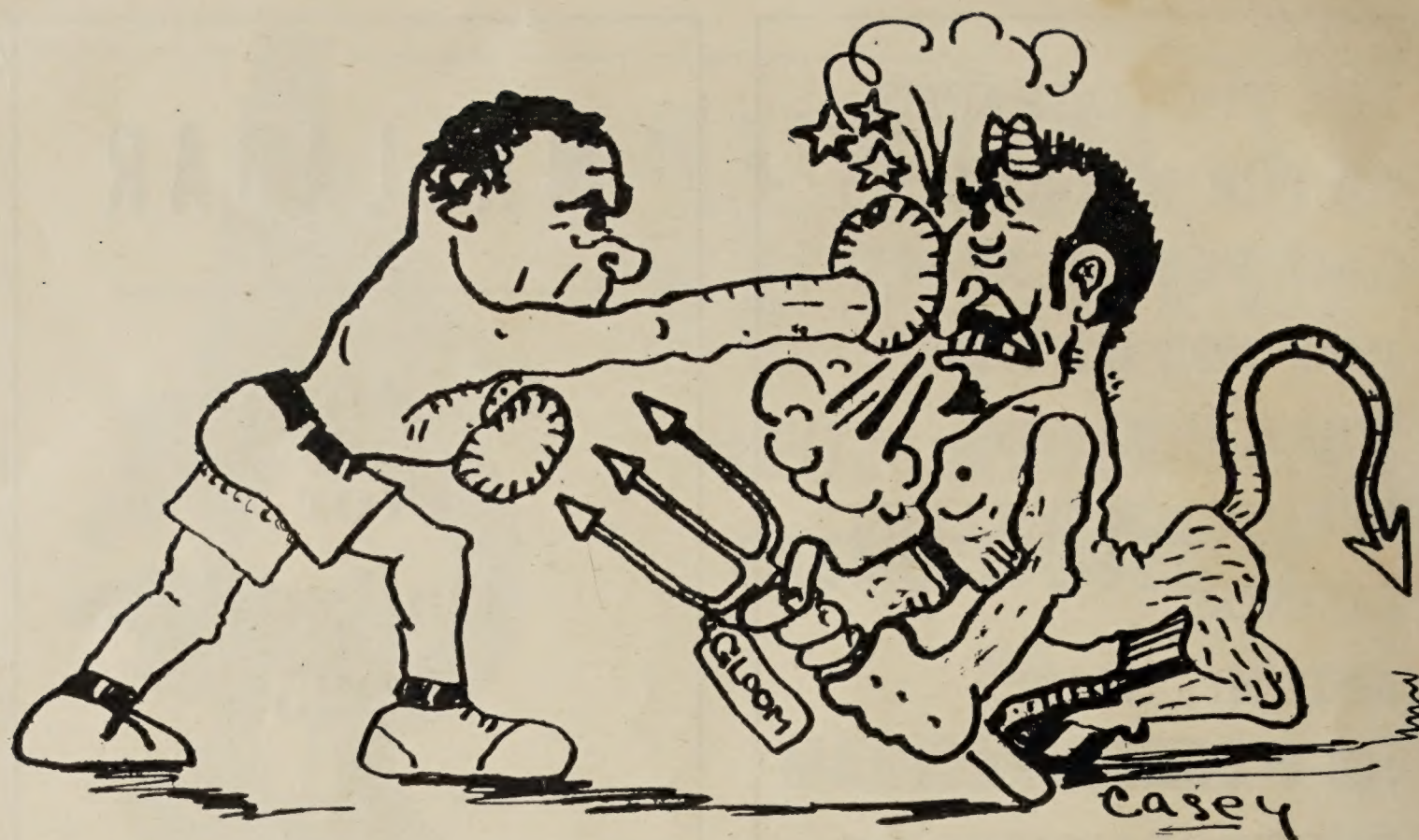
Is a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul is he.
When he sends out his pills
Patients all make their wills
And the estate comes across with
the fee.

Hippocrates Galen B. M.,
After drinking till late in P.M.
Said, “Perhaps you are right,
No pink snakes in sight,
But all the same, I’m sure I.C.M.

It used to be that when you came
out of unconsciousness someone said,
“Drink this.”

Now someone says, “Drink this,”
and you lapse into unconsciousness.

A paediatrician named Brown
Once said to a stude, with a frown:
“To judge by your brain,
You have a through train,
From ear to ear, in your crown.”



Preface

Patient Readers:

IT is not without considerable diffidence that we again present for your perusal *Epistaxis*. The high standard set by previous numbers makes the publication of this issue a ponderous burden for which we are inadequately equipped as to ability and experience, but we trust that you will bear with us.

In glancing over the profusely illustrated pages, replete with pun and proverb, it may chance that your eye will fall upon your own name held up to more or less ridicule. In this event we ask you to control your righteous wrath. Pray do not break benches, assault ushers or fall foaming to the floor, as the poverty-stricken Medical Society would have to pay for repairing the seats and cleaning the carpet. In short, any gratuitous publicity you may receive this evening will only be an indication of the prominence you have attained in the eyes of your fellow students. On the other hand, if you find that you have eluded our clutches, dry the starting tear and smother the disappointment in your bosom, for we will certainly get you next time.

It is possible that this is the first opportunity you have had of attending this world-famous entertainment and of reading this notorious journal, and it may be that the humour of the chestnuts here displayed is not apparent at first glance. Laugh heartily just the same, however, and people will take you for a person of extraordinary insight. They may even join in the laugh; it has happened before. Also laugh often; spring is coming and you won't get many more good chances. If you can't see much to laugh at in this issue, buy two and get twice as many jokes.

It is only fair to state that no libel suits will be considered. The Editor, however, will accept challenges up to 12.00 noon, March 1, 1925. These must be typewritten on one side of the paper and include full particulars as to weapons, place and time. A certified cheque for twenty-five (25) dollars and a stamped addressed envelope for reply must be enclosed. If the challenge is accepted the \$25.00 will be returned. All challenges will be considered in order of priority.

Having read these introductory remarks, it is our sincere wish that you now throw this under the seat and sit back, loosen your collar and belt, unbutton your vest, remove gum, bridge work, tobacco, false teeth, carfare and other foreign bodies from your mouth, brace your feet, take a firm hold of your chair, or of your girl, and prepare to enjoy the performance.

THE EDITORS.



Some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them.—*Shakespeare*.

DEDICATION

It is in the spirit of profoundest humility that we take the liberty of dedicating this issue of *Epistaxis* to the teaching staff of the Faculty of Medicine. Right from the Dean to the humblest demi' in the rabbit labs, we include them all. We can never repay the debt we owe them (especially Dr. Mouré), and we take this opportunity of expressing our inadequate appreciation of all that they have done for us. It is the very sincere wish of the Editors that no member of this estimable body be offended at anything said this evening, most especially those omnipotent gentlemen who act as examiners in University or Council examinations.

EPISTAXIS 1925

Editor-in-Chief K. C. McCARTHY
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PRIMAE VIAE

Primæ viae, ductus vitae,
Has e'er poet sung of thee?
—Of thy rich digestive juices,
—Of thy automatic sluices,
Acting all in harmony?

Duodenal glands of Brünner;
Rich as jewels in a shrine:
Follicles and crypts sub-mucal,
—Grander far than palace ducal,
All the works of Art outshine.

Epithelial cells columnar,
Line thine arches far and wide:
Sentinels on outpost duty—
Gems of protoplasmic beauty—
Laved by every passing tide.

Here the villi dip their noses
Gifted with a wondrous power;
Not of smell; but of selection:—
Of acceptance or rejection
Of the products of the hour.

Noble villi! Who instructs ye
Thus to choose our boon or bane?
How do you secure your treasure?
How transmit it at your leisure?
Questions yet to ask in vain.

Organs delicate and moulded
On a microscopic plan,
Working transformations mighty:
Is it not the ductus vitae,
After all, that makes the man?

See that particle of butter,
Now an oil-globe on its way:
The saliva lightly kissed it,
But the gastric juice has missed it,
And the purling stream has whisked
it,
In a duodenal bay.

There, coquetting with a portion
Of the undigested rice,
The hepatic fluid meets them—
Pancreatic juices greet them,
And they're married in a trice.

Thus emulsified and chylous,
Higher still the process goes,
Villus—lacteal—lymphatic:
Vital, chemical, and static,
'Till to bioplasm it grows.

Primæ viae—Ductus Vitæ,
Half the story is unsung.
Uncongenial much that passes,
Hydro-sulphurets and gases,
Faecal matters from thee wrung.

From the folds of deep mucosa
Creep a thousand tiny rills;
Bringing with them, as they issue,
Waste of nerve, debris of tissue,
Else the source of many ills.

Happy he whose daily promptings
Urge to defaecation due;
Needing neither pills nor potions,
Regular in his devotions,
Setting out on life anew.

Patient sew'r! What wrongs oppress
thee,
Glutted to excess we dine;
With tasks herculean we perplex thee,
At unseemly times we vex thee,
And frustrate thy high design.

But around the deep mucosa
Other structures closely cling;
Nerve and muscle fibre blending,
Fine elastic tissue lending,
Strength and firmness to the ring.

Each performs a special function;
Each has secrets of its own.
Have they rivalries to smother?
Do they whisper, one another,
What is known to them alone?

Primæ viae: Ductus Vitæ,
Let them scorn thy use who can:
Source of radiant health and beauty,
I my homage pay, and duty:
Thou it is who makes the man.

Authorship uncertain. Read by Dr.
Chas. Sheard, Sr., Professor of Physi-
ology, Toronto, to his class of '88.

Elderly lady to Med. Soph. who
has secured a position in Eaton's ex-
change department for the Xmas
holiday—"I bought this underwear
here. I would like to change it."

Med (somewhat embarrassed)—
"I'm sorry madam, but you can't
here."



Politzerization

HINTS TO MOTORISTS

1. If your car should stall while driving through the PARK do not HOWLAND and make a big CLUTTER. BUCK up and investigate the source of the trouble. If it is a LIZZIE or STARR just pour in some more OILLE and everything will be all WRIGHT. However, if you should have a PAGE or PEARCE-Arrow you had better PARKER there and GWYN for a repair man. You will probably be SHEARD of a YOUNG fortune but it WOOD be the only way to get a PERFECT job done. If you have any JANES in the car get them out and let them search the flower-beds for the odd PRIMROSE which KINNEARly always be found there before the leaves turn BROWN. If you decide to do the job yourself get some HAY to LYON, for if you should be looking GABYfore getting

under you would probably come out with your HAIR asPIRIEing full of dirt. Should you hurt your hand while working, leave the blood on till it KLOTZ.

2. If you get a SILVERTHORN in a tire it is better to have a GOLD SMITH remove it.

3. Always climb a HILL in LOW beCOSBIEing easier on the engine you will have less trouble later on.

4. SHOULDICE freeze on your wind SHIELD'S outer side remove it immediately or you will likely land up at the MORG AND be a fitting subject for an "AUTO"psy.

LIBERAL.

Doctor—"I'll examine you for fifteen dollars."

Patient—"All right, Doc.; and if you find it, we'll split fifty-fifty."—Life.



I tell you, all my family was musical. My father was a pianist and my mother was a harpy.

ODE TO CASTOR OIL

I count no day as lost,
If to some suffering soul,
Whose chart cries in the order
For that grim seductive oil—
Whose very name strikes terror
Which the bravest fain display,
Holding old men from the chimney-
place

And the little child from play.

If I disguise that bitter cup
With whispered word or sign,
And make the needy sufferers
Believe they're drinking wine.
Just by adding orange juice
And soda well mixed in,
They never taste the rancid oil
And swallow with a grin.
Instead of getting all worked up
To face the awful odds,
They sip, and smack their gooey lips,
The ambrosia of the gods!

So if this task I well complete,
All day I just feel fine;
For you know the good Samaritan
Also poured in oil and wine.

(From a nurse's diary)—B. H. F.

1. *Our idea of clumsiness*—A tabetic elephant.

2. *Our idea of a cold day*—When John Satterley wears his hat.

WHAT WILLIE LEARNED AT MEDICAL SCHOOL

Bill wanted to be a great surgeon,
And deftly remove people's hides,
In order to see what the trouble could
be

That lurked in their painful insides.
So his father disposed of the hay crop,
And mortgaged the house and the
mule,
And Bill washed his ears, and for six
weary years
Attended a medical school.

He heard pathological lectures
And patiently learned them by heart,
At clinics he saw, with a shudder of
awe,

How people are taken apart.
He studied till two in the morning
By the light of the flickering gas,
And his work was so good in the lab.
that he stood
Right up at the head of his class.

Great things were predicted for Willie
By the Docs, when he got his de-
gree;

He was certain to shine, when he hung
out his sign

As William Alfalfa, M.B.
He would gather in patients and
riches

And climb to success over night;
Which was just what the kid very
easily did,

Which proved that the Doctors were
right.

But William, though rolling in riches,
Is not any shark with the knife,
He honestly owns that he cannot set
bones

And never mixed pills in his life.
Yet patients from sunrise to sunset
Each day to his office resort,
And hurry away with prescriptions
that say,

"R Spiritus frumenti 1 qt."

—James J. Montague.

Prof.—"Are you laughing at me?"
Stude—"No, sir."

Prof.—"Well, I don't see who else
there is to laugh at."

Correspondence

To the Editor of the *Epistaxis* Noospaper:

Fur the benefit of them students what can read, I would like to give them the chance for to see my platform which I propose to carry into execution when they has elected me president of the Med. Society next year. Here is the rough planks what I have got so far:

1st. I think they should be more attention paid to these here No Smoking signs which adorns the walls of the Med. Bldg. In fact, I think enough attention should be focussed on the same for to have them caused to be precipitated to them regions where we wish the fellows that borrow our liquor at the At-Home was, and vice-versa.

2nd. I would do a lot of changes in these lectures that we enjoys from day to day. There ain't no need to abolish them as some has proposed because they don't do much damage anyway. If they was to put in Chesterfields for the boys to lie on instead of sitting on hard seats as now, why they could rest better. Their hearts wouldn't have to pump all that there blood up to their heads, either, and the results in mm. of mercury is astonishing. Then, they might supply chocolate bars for the students, and them what was diabetic could also have a piece of pancreas for to chew, as we all know being so good for us by recent discoveries.

3rd. If they was to put in a tuck shop in the hall why it would do a lot of good. It wouldn't cost much for a brass rail and some saw-dust and the boys wouldn't have to walk so far for their liquor and anyway they'd be more of them come to lectures.

4th. I was puzzled to know what to do with the faculty in this Utopia what I have outlined. Perhaps they could look after the rabbits and frogs. Rabbits ain't particular.

Your votes and influences are solicited.

PAT. PENDING

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Frank Fleming—No, we would not advise you to consult a Paediatrician for fallen arches.

Wallace C.—Sorry, but polar bodies are not star-shaped.

APOLOGIES

We really must apologize for this one. It should never have been printed but somebody slipped it in while we were out watching an eclipse. Sorry.

Some years ago at Oxford, England, a political meeting was in progress. There had been a considerable agitation for freehold tenure and the speaker was being continually interrupted by hecklers. One particularly made himself conspicuous by repeated shouts of "We want our land." Finally the speaker was compelled to stop and ask that the interrupter be ejected. A burly mechanic rose and dragged the offender from the hall. On gaining the sidewalk he paused, "So you're the bloke as wanted yer land?" "I am," repeated the heckler proudly. Turning, the powerful machinist seized an inoffensive student who was watching the altercation, and hurled him at the radical. "There's an Olmsted for ye!" he shouted.

BABIES

Babies require three things to be normal: (1) Parents, (2) Food, (3) Sleep. This last-named requisite is never taken between 11 p.m. and 5 a.m. Babies are of two sexes—males and ribs. Each of these may be subdivided into (1) damn nuisances, (2) your child. Babies are the reason why new schools are built and why a doctor always carries his black bag with him. It is alleged that babies are used as subjects for Orthopaedic Clinics, but we cannot confirm this, as we have never been closer than the 8th row of students.

It ain't guano rain no mo'.

SLAPS AND SLAMS

FAMOUS SAYINGS BY FAMOUS MEN

Dr. McPhedran—"I told you all about it, didn't I eh, I did, didn't I eh?"

Dr. Van Wyck—"So that we can start with a clean sheet in the morning."

Dr. Fitzgerald — "C-o-m-m-u-n-i-c-a-b-l-e D-i-s-e-a-s-e-s with C-o-m-a-a-h-r."

Herb Hyland—"Genelmen, just a minute genelmen."

Dr. Defries—"Vital Stasstistics."

Prof. Gillespie, C.E.—"This is the bath-tub eh eh eh—this is the wash basin and this is the eh eh eheh—"

Dr. Royce—"It don't matter if you put your finger agin her face."

Dean Primrose—"If I may diagrammatically represent it so, it will be sufficient for the purposes of this class."

Prof. Starr—"He complained of pain, tenderness and what-not."

Dr. Howland—"That is to say, I was in a very embarrassing position; you see what I mean?"

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

Sidenberg late to a lecture?

Welsh seen smiling?

H. Stahl not asking questions at a clinic?

Ely without a bottle of ink?

Cowie with an inch width collar?

Cain in the Ziegfield Follies?

Fielding in the back of a clinic?

FAMOUS MOVEMENTS

Chaikoff's Nasal Movements.

Snitman's Vocal Movements.

George Wilson's Aesthetic Movements.

McPhedran's Front Seat Movements.

Prof. Hendry's Foetal Movements.

Freddie Le Drew's Ingersoll Movement.

For he's a jolly good fellow—

Leland Wellington Boulter, M.B.

DEFINITION OF A MEDICAL STUDENT

Dr. Alan Brown—"A mathematical moron."

Head O. R. Nurse, H.S.C.—"A pussy person, noted for awkwardness."

Dr. John Statterly—"One of Nature's mistakes."

Patients, H.S.C.—"Unlimited source of cigarette cards, chewing gum, coppers, marbles and similar hardware."

Patients, T.G.H.—"One of the greatest afflictions of suffering humanity."

THE FAMOUS BARREL ACT.

To-day we are going to go over cataract.—Lecturer in Eye.

Bob Rily—"Have the patient expire and then listen to the rales."

Dr. Alan Brown—"You men there who are always sneezing and coughing should go to a throat man and get yourself fixed up."

Next day—Dr. Drake—"Dr. Brown has a sore throat and is unable to be here to-day."

Dr. Dunc Graham—"This patient is a married woman of 61 and living at home." (Cheers.)

Hunter Wilson was out for an airing with a certain young lady in her roadster, when she asked: "Would you like to see where I was vaccinated?"

Hunter (expectantly)—"Yes, indeed."

She—"Well, keep your eyes open, we will be driving past there soon."

FAMOUS TRIOS.

Les Uren, Les Watt, Les Black.

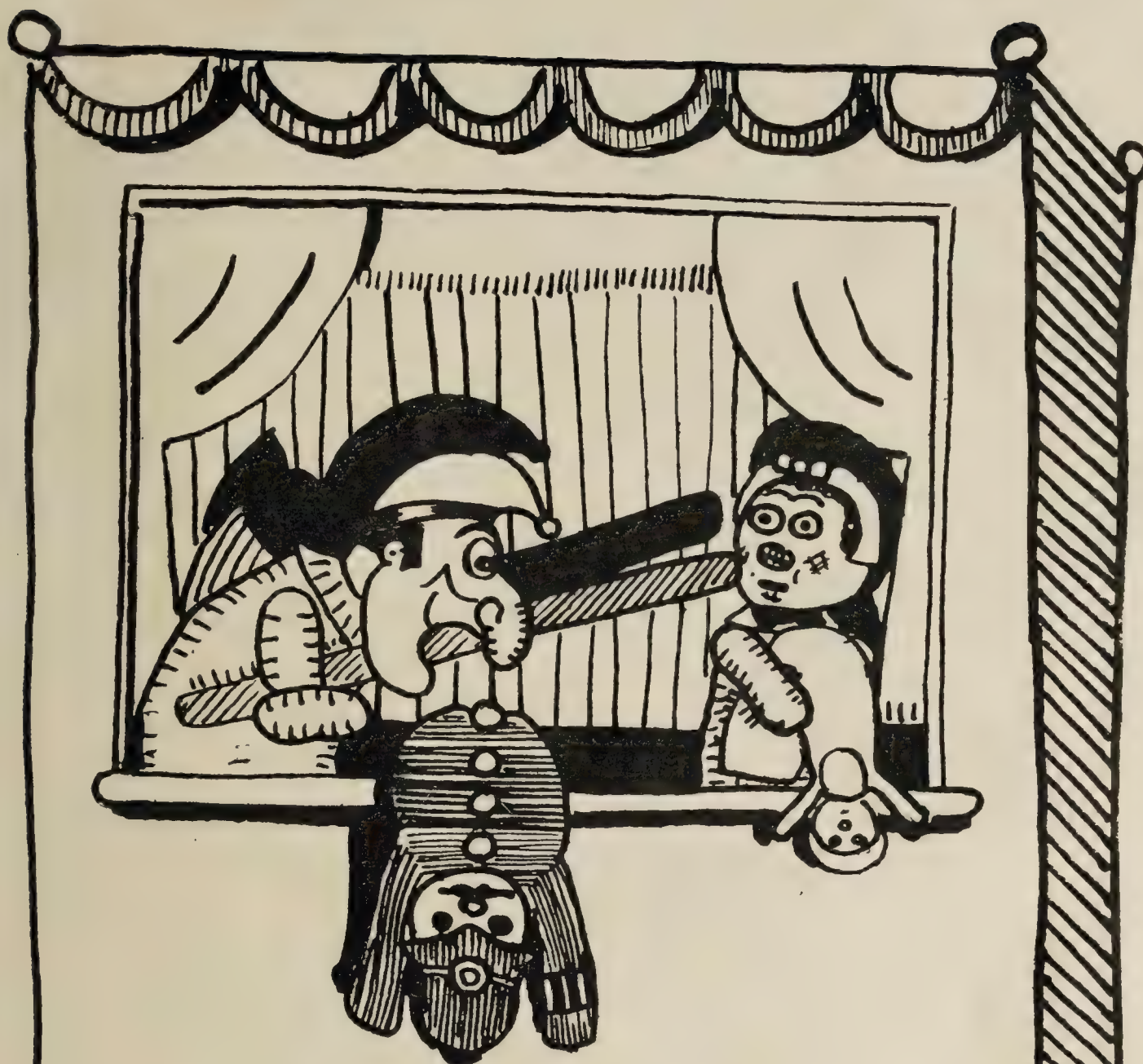
The three R's.

The three P's.

The three plus.

B.V.D. is another famous combination.

A. Frosh is a med. who thinks that frequency refers only to vibration.



DAFFYDIL 1925



FEBRUARY 12th & 13th

THE DAFFYDIL COMMITTEE OF 1925

Chairman	- - -	W. R. BREBNER	Representatives:	
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Musical Director	- - -	A. L. MORGAN		
Lantern	- - -	H. M. GRAY		
Head Usher	- - -	R. J. HEFFERING		

A Orchestra—"Medley of Popular Airs".....THE MEDICAL ORCHESTRA
A. L. MORGAN, Leader

1st Violins—	R. E. SMART	Saxophone—	J. W. McCUTCHEON
	P. A. TICKTIN		J. H. STEWART
	W. L. DEETON		G. VERITY
Trumpets—	A. A. OVERHOLT	Traps—	D. S. HOARE
	R. A. BENSON	Bass—	O. A. KILPATRICK
	M. BENSON	Banjo—	C. D. S. LEEF
Trombone—	L. ECKERT	Piano—	H. R. TEASDALE

B The Medettes Present "Memories of a Medette"
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

A Grad of 2T5.....	{ RACHEL HAIGHT
	{ MARY CHENEY
Her fiancée	GRACE MILLS
Clinician.....	MARION LAIRD
	{ LIL SHER
Clinic.....	{ BESS WILSON
	{ MINNIE SINGER
The Thief of Bagdad.....	GWEN MULOCK
The Princess.....	MIRIAM BRICK
Varsity's Ace.....	MARION HILLIARD
Monsieur Beaucaire.....	REBA WILLITS
Lady Mary Carlisle.....	DORIS FOSTER

Scene I—Her graduation night.
Scene II—What she saw in the flames. Registration Day. A Clinic. A Movie.
A Rugby Game. Hart House Masquerade. December 19th. At the
Theatre. The Med. At-Home. An Oral. Convocation.

C The Graduating Year Presents "The Dreams of 2T5"
DRAMATIS PERSONAE

J. C. Armstrong	C. B. Horton
J. L. McFadden	F. D. Plewes
C. R. MAY	L. H. A. R. Huggard
E. R. Westman	D. A. Irwin
G. L. Fair	A. D. Kelly

Scene I—A student's study on the eve of the final examinations.
Scene II—A dream in which the students realize their vision of turning the tables.
A corner of a hospital ward.

Presenting	
Mr. A. Brown	Mr. R. Graham
Mr. O. Klotz	Mr. V. E. Henderson
Mr. J. Oille	Mr. F. McPhedran
Mr. R. Rudolf	Mr. Wm. Magner

D **2T6 presents "The Second Hand Organ Store"**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Prof. Finklestein.....	JAKE FINE
Izzy Finklestein.....	ALAN SWEET
Braxton Hicks, Commercial Traveller.....	KEN MOIR
Miss Sweetness.....	STEW GORDON
O. K. Ashoff, the Ardent Lover.....	LORNE DEETON
Sherlock Bones, the defective.....	ROY HUGGARD
Customers.....	{ FRANK FLEMING
	{ DUD IRWIN
	{ STEW MURRAY

Pianist—CLARENCE HASSARD

E **2T7 Presents "The Linea Negri" (A minstrel in one act)**

LLOYD CLARKE (Interlocutor)

BUD MACKLIN

REG WHITE

JACK KELLY

C. R. FERGUSON

J. R. WESTHEIMER

J. E. MATHESON

STAN TESKEY (Tambo)

G. H. JACKSON (BONES)

PROGRAMME

Opening Song—"You Can Take Me Away From Dixie But You Can't Take Dixie From Me."

Song—Mr. Jackson and Mr. Teskey accompanied by Mr. Westheimer, "How Do You Do Everybody, How Do You Do."

Song—Mr. J. A. Kelly, "We're Going To Have Weather Whether Or Not."

Song—Mr. G. H. Jackson, "Yes. Sir, I'm Goin' South."

Dance—Mr. J. R. Westheimer.

Finale.

The audience is requested not to encore, as the players refuse to repeat their numbers unless they receive an increase in salary. At present we can not comply with their wish.

The Manager, J. B. LAIDLAW

F **2T8 Presents "Radiology," a melodious fantasy of Radioland**

Written and directed by Jas. Shannon and O. A. Kilpatrick.

After four hours' compressed perusal of Macleod's Physiology, you might discover anything. You never can tell—you never can tell.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

The Queen.....	D. S. HOARE
Static.....	R. C. LAIRD
The Story Teller.....	T. H. BELT
High Priest.....	D. M. CAMPBELL
	{ P. E. WILLIAMS
	{ E. A. MOORE
Court Musicians.....	{ G. C. LARGE
	{ ROSS WHITE
	{ C. D. G. LEEF
	{ JAS. SHANNON
Student.....	O. A. KILPATRICK

Pianist—CARL BROWNSON

G

2T9 Presents "The Final Quiz"

A Melodrama of the Deepest Dye in one Act.
Written and directed by J. A. Fallon.

Act opens with a graveyard scene on Judgment Day. Representative characters from our humdrum life are tried and sentenced by the last tribunal. . . . This is an honest-to-goodness attempt to avoid burlesque and develop a melodramatic playlet.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

St. Peter	The man behind the whiskers	M. J. KELLY
Recording Angel	The celestial bookie	M. D. EPSTEIN
Old Nick	A hard-boiled Yegg	E. NICHOLSON
Hart House Cook	A Scandinavian Mishap	G. H. GRANT
Chorus Girl	Drafted from Charlot's Revue	VIC RAILTON
Bootlegger	Mr. Al. K. Hall	R. ZIEGLER
Champus Cat	Hard-boiled Rose	I. SMILLIE
Chiropractor	A Scientific Spine Socker	A. A. OVERHOLT
Cross Word Puzzle Fiend	A familiar character	D. WILSON
Radio Bug	Tunes a Mean Wave	P. W. HARDIE
Two Devils		{ J. WHALEY
		{ B. YUILL

H

3T0 Presents "Natural Phenomena"

Zeke manages to spare enough time from his college activities to run home and show Uncle Ezry the Eclipse and its rivals.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Uncle Ezry	I. R. WILSON
Zeke	H. R. Inksater
Flappers	{ J. E. LONG
	{ G. R. ANTHONY
Sun	J. G. Cock
Moon	L. W. STURGEON
Clouds	{ J. H. ROSS
	{ E. A. FREJD

I

The Ilio Tibial Band—"Selections from the Classics"

LLOYD MORGAN	} Violins
LORNE DEETON	
Frank LIVELY	} Mandolins
LLOYD MCNIVEN	
HUGH CAMERON	} Ukeleles
J. R. WESTHEIMER	
Bob Milne—Piano	

The Cistern Choir is under the direction of Maestro E. E. Fielden

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
The University of Toronto Medical Society

T. R. NADEN
President
A. G. LAMBERT
Sec.-Treas.

W. B. BREBNER
Vice President
A. E. YOUNG
Asst. Sec.-Treas.

CHILDREN'S PAGE

MEDICAL FRESHMAN'S PRIMER.

Who is this gen-tle-man?

This is not a gen-tle-man. This is a me-di-cal stu-dent.

Why are his feet so big?

Be-cause he stands a-round through two-hour cli-nics.

Why does the me-di-cal stu-dent at-tend cli-nics?

To get his at-ten-dance sheet signed.

At whom is the me-di-cal stu-dent laugh-ing?

At no-bo-dy. He is laughing at the cli-ni-cian's jokes.

Why does the cli-ni-cian tell jokes?

To pre-pare the me-di-cal stu-dent for his ex-am-in-a-tions.

What is that on the bed?

It is a pa-tient.

What is a pa-tient?

A pa-tient is a hu-man be-ing af-ter he has come in-to the hos-pi-tal.

What is a hos-pi-tal?

A hos-pi-tal is an in-sti-tu-tion of pa-tients.

Why is the pa-tient on the bed?

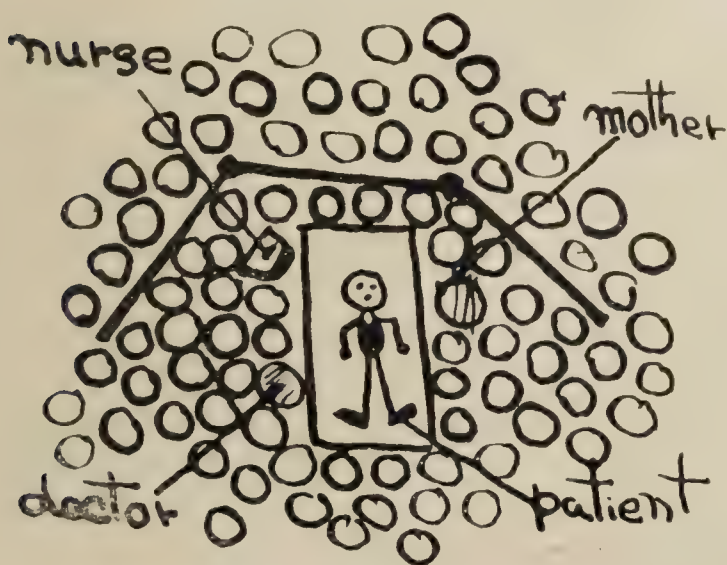
So the cli-ni-cian can ex-a-mine him.

Why does the cli-ni-cian ex-a-mine him?

So that he will be a-ble to cor-rect the me-di-cal stu-dent.

Does the pa-tient like it?

For heaven's sake go to sleep and stop asking such d—— fool questions!



Clinic in Orthopedic Surgery

The X-Ray is where Dr. Richards pre-sides,

He turns out the patients with burns on their hides;

He can cure any illness by pulling a switch—

Rabies, tabes, scabies and itch.

HOLD YOUR HATS

It is Night. A great calm pervades the whole of the Sick Childrens' Hospital. No sound disturbs the midnight stillness but the muffled drip of a tap in the lab. The patients are all snugly tucked in their cots, the good ones dreaming of cool lakes of Coca-Cola, the gravel shores of which are composed of gum drops and jelly beans and the trees, which skirt their edge having as leaves cigarette cards. The bad ones are having horrible nightmares, they toss and mutter in their cribs for they are dreaming of internes with lumbar puncture needles, students with haemocytometers and of Dr. Alan Brown. Otherwise all is quiet. But what is this! A tall form draped in white floats noiselessly along the corridor. It seems to come from the P.M. room. Horrors! Can it be that some long forgotten autopsy haunts these hoary halls? It vanishes in the direction of the dairy. Is the spectre trying to escape? No, for shortly it appears again and floats silently along the passage past the laundry and O.P.D. Well, to bring the story to an end, it is merely Dr. Theo. Drake looking for Indian relics.

Hickory! Dickory! Dock!

The mouse ran up the clock,

But this one was on Nellie's sock;

Hickory! Dickory!! Dock!!!

There was once a young fellow named Ed.,

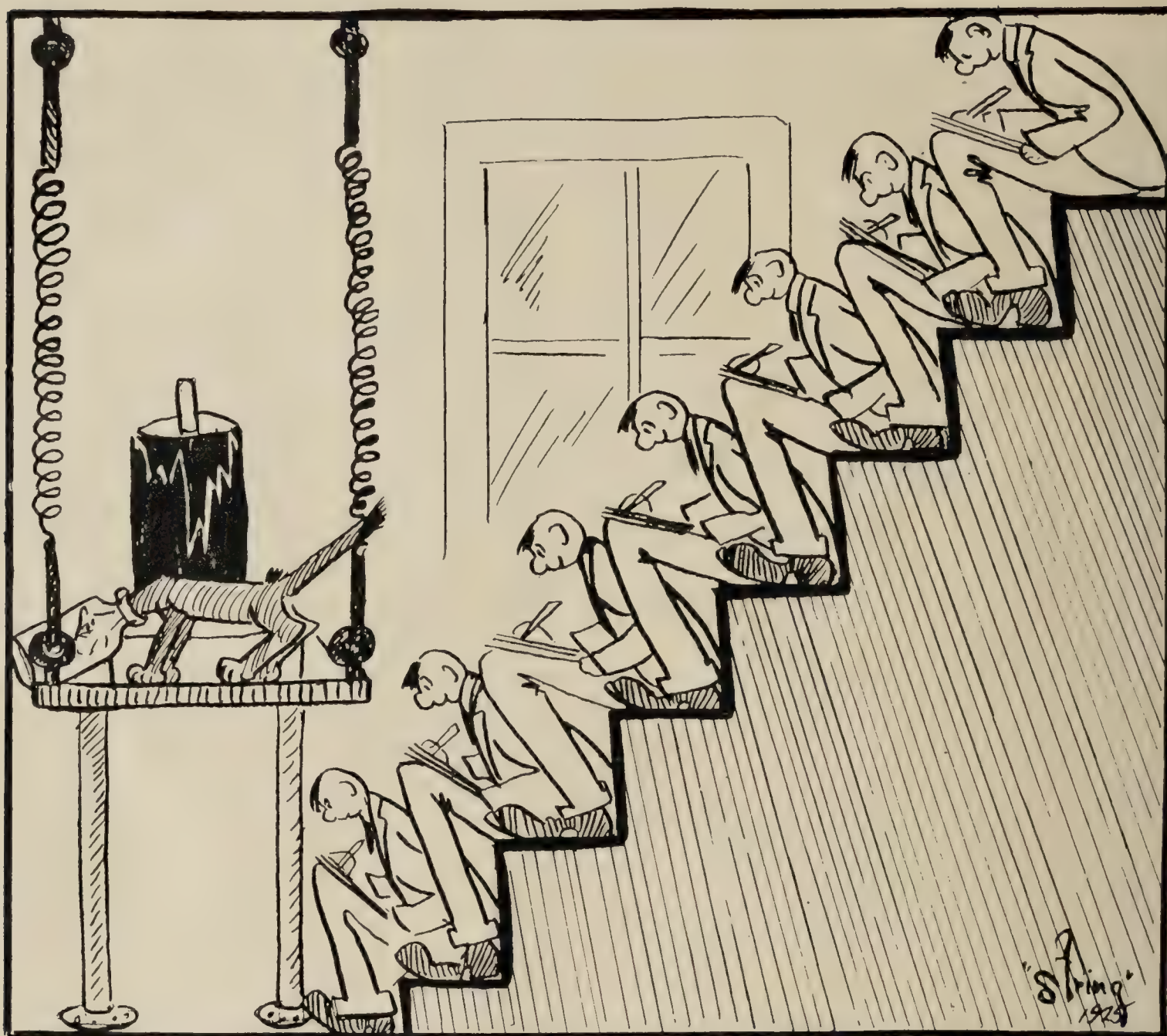
Who was born without brains in his head,

For he said, "At U.C.

They work too hard, by Gee.

I think that I will be a Med."

Henderson's Position



BACK SEATS

Somebody, somewhere, has to, at some time or other, write something for this paper or it would fall as flat as a freshman skit. The writer happening to be somewhere at present, although laying no extravagant claims to being somebody, has a few general observations to make on the subject of back seats.

Historically back seats have been known and used by some of the student body since the time that Galen first cashed his yellow slip at the vendors for his two quarts for office use only. They have become a tradition much the same as buttons on the "dress" pair of B.V.D.'s, with the result that at present they claim no more attention than the fascia lata of a Kleb's Loe er bacillus. As is the

case with the buttons they are not missed, by many, until they are gone. In fact in each year there are a mob of eager seekers after truth who, by their actions convey the impression that back seats in lecture theatres were abolished by imperial edict about the time that there was such a thing as a nice boarding house.

The existence of back seats has been seriously threatened but once and that in recent years. A professor famed for his pharmacognosy, has succeeded in so constructing an arena that the seats are all of the variety designated as front. In other words, there are no back seats, and depending on the time of arrival a student sits either on the wainscoting or the picture moulding. This radical and communistic proced-

ure is not obtained for nothing, and if universally adopted would ruin the futures of many of the coming Walter Johnsons and Davids of slug shot fame. Convert us all to that queer A.O.A. sect and cause us to burst into roars of thunderous laughter when, say, a Professor of Hygiene speaks of our "Colleagues the Chiropractors."

Under the present system the front seats laugh and those of the back seats get the same thrill out of it as comes from the amorous glance of a lady undertaker. The back seats of cars, cabs, etc., could be mentioned, but as personalities are to be avoided the subject will be dropped.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"Rales; their Production and Interpretation." By E. R. Westman, the eminent chest consultant.

"History Taking in Relation to Diet of the Hebrew Race." By Frank Menzies.

"Travels in Ontario." By Frank D. Plewes, being a descriptive summary of journeys to Guelph.

"The Relation of Prohibitory Legislation to Personal Liberty." By T. G. Heaton.

"The Diagnosis of Scurvy in the Infant." By Charles E. Knowlton.

"The Motor Car, Its Construction, Operation and Repair." By J. P. Middleboro. An exhaustive treatise on the automobile with a comprehensive appendix on the relation of radio to motor transportation.

"The Beneficial Effects of Morning Sleep." By F. A. Brady.

"Case Reports of the Toronto General Hospital." By J. H. Beasley. A comprehensive survey of all cases for the last two years with complete pathological reports.

AT THE BURNSIDE

Casey McCarthy — "What's the diagnosis?"

Miss Wilson (taking off case) — "Why, isn't it apparent?"

Voice from the rear — "Not yet!"

Dr. Howland was telling his clinic about the young man who was visiting his girl when she seized him so tightly by the collar, during an epileptic fit, that the unfortunate swain nearly choked to death. "An 'Arrow' escape for him," Westman remarked.

OYEZ! OYEZ! OYEZ!

Know ye by these presents that inasmuch as one "Bilious" Higgs of the Class of '26 did suffer and nigh unto succumb to these various maladies, pathological states, afflictions hereinafter mentioned in chronological order, to wit: Taenosynovitis following Dr. Geo. T. Wilson's lecture; myocardial failure following a heart clinic, gastric or duodenal ulcer following clinics in the same said subject, sub acute polyarticular arthritis following a clinic on rheumatic fever, pneumonia, typhoid fever, et al., of similar etiology.—That we have this day executed the fyled with the Vigilance Committee applications for an injunction to prevent the attendance of the above-mentioned party of the second part from any and all classes, lectures, and clinics by the Department of Obstetrics in the Burnside wing of the T. G. H.

Signed, sealed and called for.

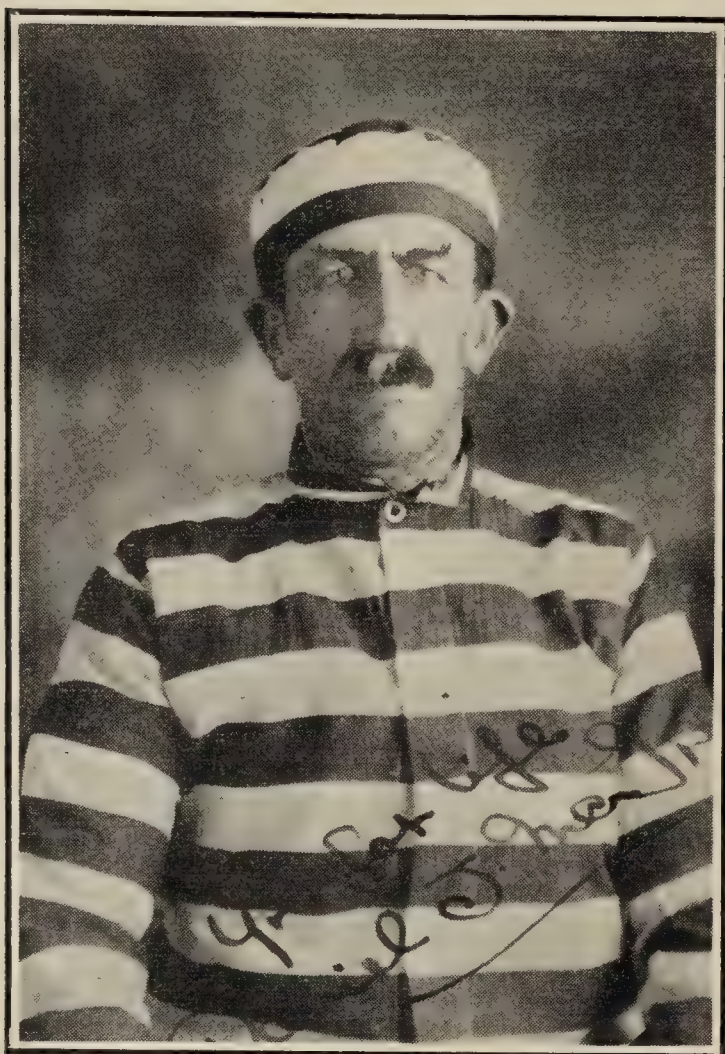
CLARK NOBLE AT THE LABOR TEMPLE

Gang (after three hours' wait) — "What is she, Clark, Para I?"

Clark — "NO — Paralyzed."



Comedones



SOCIETY MAN LEAVES TOWN PROTECTED BY POLICE.

We publish herewith an exclusive portrait study of Daniel McGrew, the prominent clubman. He is seen wearing one of the new guard stripe holiday suits which are all the rage at present in financial and legislative circles. Mr. McGrew, whose name has often figured prominently in court news, left for Kingston yesterday to spend a lengthy vacation as the guest of H. M. the King. It required the efforts of several policemen to restrain the enthusiastic crowd that watched his departure. In an interview with *Epistaxis* he said that the constant night life of the city was beginning to tell on his health and he intended to take a long rest at His Majesty's spacious chateau.

No, I haven't got the stomach ache
Though my hands are at my waist;
And my tongue it isn't coated
Nor my mouth holds no bad taste.
Why, then, are my hands held thus?
I suppose I'll have to tell't—
I haven't any braces
And I couldn't find my belt.
—'EllMouland.'

SPEAKING OF SPORT

MARRIAGE CUSTOMS VARY IN DIFFERENT STATES

If students marry at Baylor College the couple are forced by a faculty decree to spend a years' honeymoon outside of the college.

UTAH FRESHMAN DIES AS RESULT OF DUCKING

Reginald Stringfellow, a freshman student at the university, died last Tuesday evening as a result of illness said to be directly traceable to ducking.—Varsity, Jan. 27.

Obstetrical Blues. By T. A. Sweet.

The mob scene of an orthopaedic clinic and the old one of the chameleon that died game on a piece of Scotch plaid are among the world's most mournful numbers, but for pathos so poignant that it will knock you so flat that you can be played on a Victrola we recommend a picture of Fielding '26 trying to be first at each bedside when an infectious disease clinic is making ward rounds.

RUGH! RUGH! RUGH!

Did you ever think
As a hearse rolls by,
That the time is coming
For you to die?

When your hairs fall out
And your cheeks fall in,
And the worms play over
Your mouth and chin.

When your bones will crack
And your teeth all fall,
And there'll be nothing left
Of you at all.

When that time comes
We all will yell
Oh ain't it grand
There ain't no Hell!

Dr. Roscoe Graham (finishing lecture)—“Now are there any questions?”

Bill Miller—“Say, Doc, can you change a five?”

STUDENT WORSE

A clumsy young Med known as Ray,
Called to see Dr. Klotz one day.

"You don't mind, I hope,
But I've broken my 'scope.
They took him away on a tray.

NO TITLE

Here lay the body of good old Jimmie
McDuff,

Down to earth, 'cause his cerebrum
did sluff,

Beside him reposes Billy McSwatt,
Doomed to this fate—cause given;—
what not?

Further along is inscribed, Archie
Taylor

Came to his end due to Myocardial
Failure.

Last but not least rests smiling Chick
Hall,

Excessive use of good alcohol.

He passed out one night after chill
and a shiver,

Autopsy confirmed this—"Enlarged
hob nail liver."

ADDENDA

The why and wherefore of this verse
Is plain you no doubt see,
We all finesse in the usual hearse,
Or at an Autopsy.

Miss Galli Patti Bonano,
A coluratura soprano,

Though afraid of all men,
She knows no fear, when

Accompanied by the piano.

—Samuel Soskin, 2T6.

THE PASSING OF PEESE

Here lies the body of Solomon Peese,
Resting beneath the daisies and trees,
Peese is not here—only the pod,
Peese shelled out and went home to
his God.—J.A.M.A.

Doctor—"Have you taken every
precaution to prevent spread of con-
tagion in the family?"

Rastus—"Abs-lutely, doctah, we've
eben bought a sanitary cup an' we all
drink from it."—Drexerd.

IN THE OUT-PATIENT

Doctor—"Why, Pat, what's the mat-
ter with you?"

Pat—"Well, Doctor, I swallowed a
pertater bug, an' although I took some
Parrus green right after to kill th'
baste, still he's just raisin' th' devil
inside o' me."

A St. Michael's Hospital Clinic was
about to have a quiz. For this pur-
pose the doctor requested that the bed
be wheeled out in the centre of the
room. As the boys started to move
the bed the patient asked, "Am I go-
ing to have a ride?"

"No," was the answer, "we get the
'ride'."

Why did the patient faint when
Fielden told him he was going to "run
over his chest?"

Dr. Tisdall—"Now in getting the
family history from the mother don't
ask how the father is; inquire as to
the health of her husband.

Butters '26—Nurse, have you ster-
ile leggins?

Dr. Rudolf—"If the patient vomits
a meal, repeat it until it is retained.

FUNCTIONAL HISTORY



One thing Doc., that O'im proud of
is me kidneys. Since O've ben six-
teen years of age O've had tu git up
three or four times of a night. Bhoys,
but they hev ben wurrkin foine.

Quite a few Med students stayed away from the "Athletic" dance because they did not feel in condition.

"What did they do to your husband in the hospital?"

"Oh, he was censored."

"Censored?"

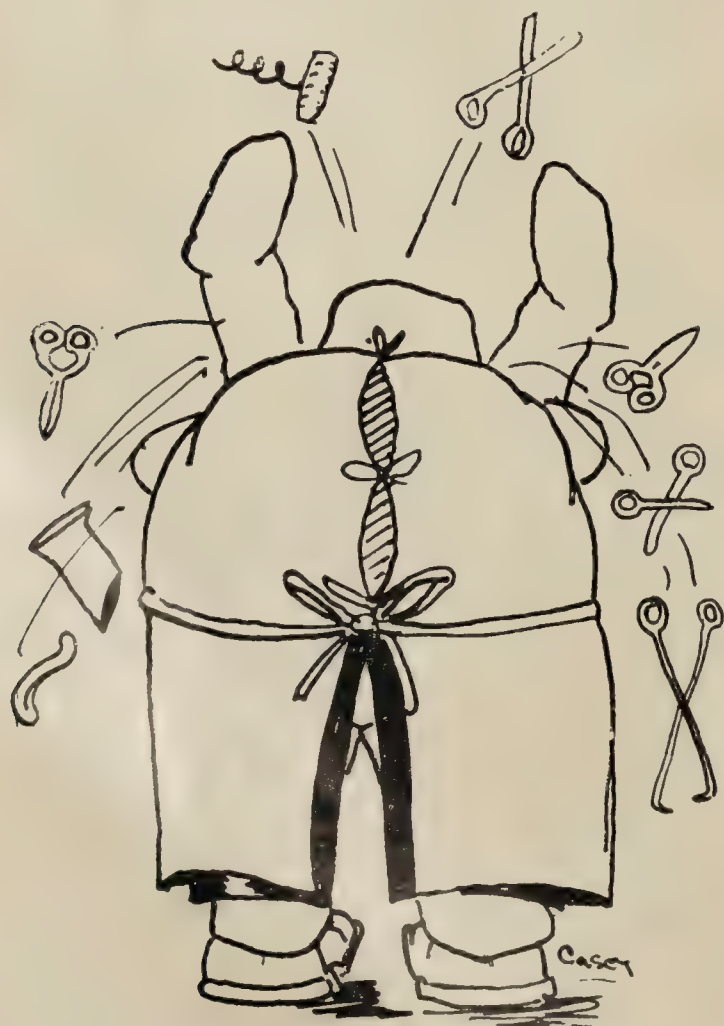
"Yes, several important parts were cut out."

"Ward Rounds" suggests a series of visits to local bootleggers. Some people even think that "Post-Graduate" refers to a graduate of a Correspondence school.

His eyes had become quite inflamed but he continued to come to clinics. At last a friend advised him: "Stay home and nurse your eyes instead of coming down here to eye the nurses."

Some local tailoring firm should feature a Three Pant Suit for Medical Students. We predict it would receive an especial welcome from the Vth Yr.

F. O. R.



Dr. Marlow in Action

SAFE AT LAST

"I'm very sorry to hear your wife is so ill, Benjamin. Not dangerous, I hope."

"Thank'ee, Miss, but she be too weak now to be dangerous."—The Humorist (London).

DOUBLE-BARRELLED WORDS

In parts of India a form of conveyance, much used by British officers, is known by the native name of tum-tum.

A certain lieutenant, proud of his vehicle, which he always kept in spick-and-span condition, took every opportunity of displaying it.

One evening he took in to dinner a young lady fresh from England, who was entirely ignorant of native phraseology, and he gave her the shock of her life when he suddenly remarked:

"Oh, after dinner I must show you my tum-tum, which I've just had painted in red and green stripes."—John O'London.

SHUFFLE ON, OLD THING

The Ford taxi suddenly came to a halt in the middle of the street.

"What is the matter?" Called the man from the back seat.

"I thought the young lady said 'stop,'" answered the chauffeur.

"Well, she wasn't speaking to you, was she?"—Earth Mover.

She—Years ago you asked me to marry you.

Prof.—Well, well; and did you?—Gargoyle.

George—I'm sorry that I can't take you out this week, but you know that I'm studying for a doctor.

Jean—Why don't you make the horrid old thing do his own studying?

Ah'm tellin' you, Marasmus, Ah got me new job Sattiday at dat new grocery down de cornah.

What doin'?

Why, teas an' coffee.

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TORONTO CANADA

WAIT.

"All right on behind there?" called the conductor from the front end of the car.

"Hold on," cried a shrill voice, "Wait till I get my clothes on."

The passengers craned their necks expectantly. A small boy was struggling to get a basket of laundry aboard.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

They quarreled, and at last he cried,

In accents of despair,

"I wish that I could see your side."

The maiden shrieked as she replied,

"That's more than I can bare."

—Earth Mover.

Another serious mistake also reached our ears recently due to a slight misunderstanding of a word. It was an intern this time who failed to notice and appreciate the significance of the last word in the operation of Exsanguination-Transfusion. What we need are more and better Cross Word Puzzles.

HINT FOR FLAPPERS

Recipe for making a lip stick.—Eat molasses candy just before he kisses you.

Clinician—This patient says that a week ago he had a pain, up in the north woods.

Dr. Hutchison (dryly)—That must have been the lumbar region.

We have just been told how two students were plucked last year. They each mistook the sound of the words Oral and Aural Examination. Consequently the night before they studied the wrong text-book.

These few stories about Willie Green are too good to keep. There was to be an emergency operation in the "C" operating room one Sunday afternoon. The place was bustling with preparation when the phone rang. It turned out to be Willie phoning from the student's cloak room to ask the surgeon when the operation would start.

SHOULD TAKE A PULLMAN

"You will never get anywhere unless you have higher ideals than this," preached the woman at whose door the tramp had applied for assistance. "Are you really content to spend your life walking around the country begging?"

"No, lady," answered Weary Willie. "Many's the time I've wished I had an auto."—Earth Mover.

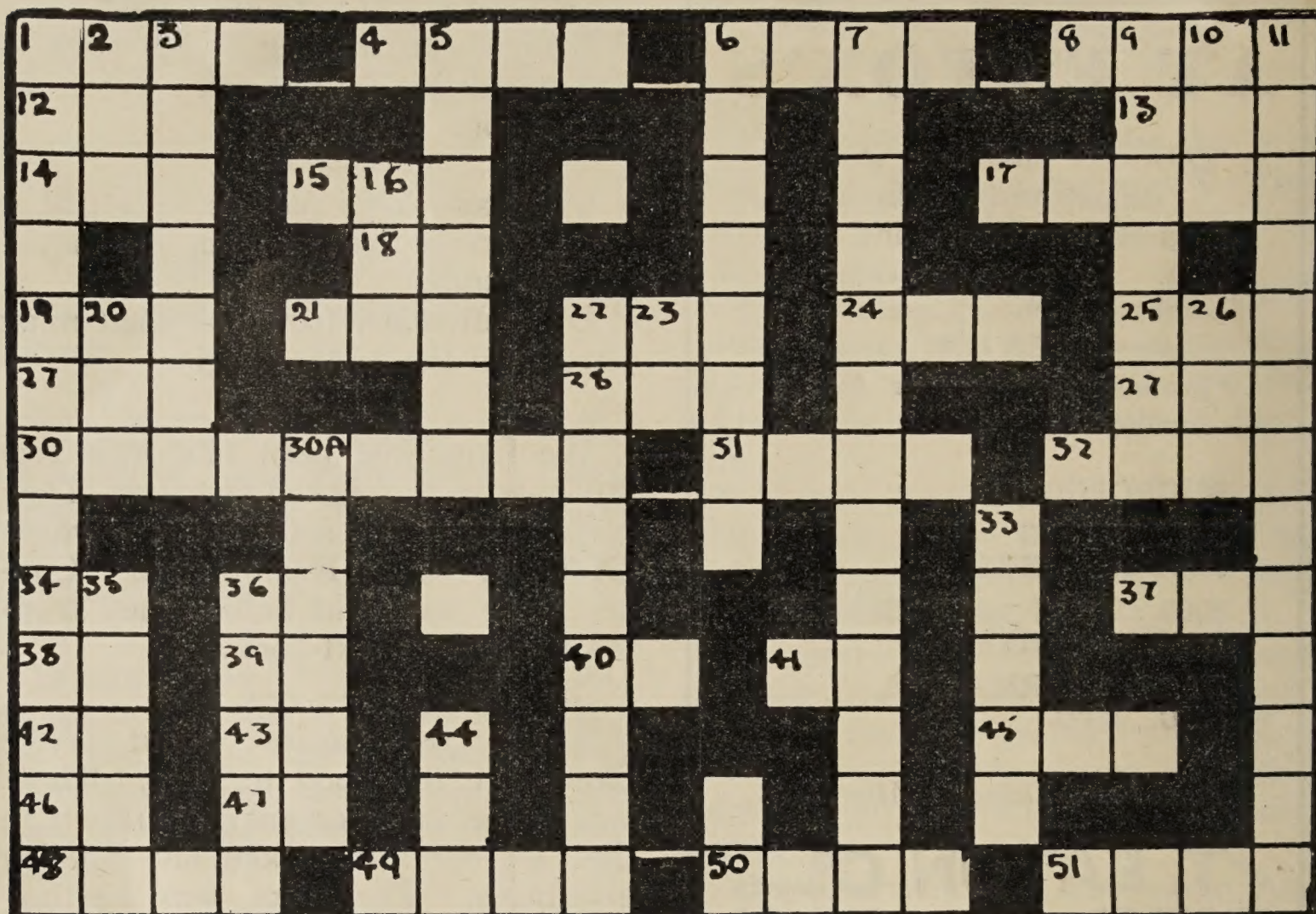
A QUICK GET-AWAY

A negro who had unwisely assimilated some alien chickens heard the sheriff was on the trail. Hastily he sought the agent of the railroad, asking for a ticket to the end of the line.

"The passenger train left a few minutes ago," replied the agent.

"Well," gasped the hardbreathing tourist, "jes' gimme de ticket and p'int out de track."—Telegram.

Epistaxis is always in the lead. To maintain that reputation we publish herewith a Cuss Word Puzzle, being the first annual magazine to do so. This puzzle is extraordinarily difficult. No one but a Med. should try it as he would be doomed to certain disappointment. The solution will appear in our next number.



HORIZONTAL

1. How a young Doctor gets a livelihood.
4. Emaciated.
6. The fleshy aril of nutmeg.
8. An injury.
12. Nothing doing.
13. Also.
14. The scarlet runners.
15. A product of flax used in preparing the dead.
17. A variety of atrophy. Also that kind of a baby.
18. A symbol of a metal.
19. A disease of sheep. Decomposition.
21. An age.
22. First name of an African reptile.
24. What a young girl does at a party when a boy hands her a sandwich.
25. Would have been slippery if spelled differently.
27. What the School men seek in the summer.
28. Used to navigate a small craft.
29. Sounds like a beverage, but means to be sick.
30. To give over a possession.
31. Possessed by a king.
32. A castle without a ce.
34. Where a dry dressing should be put.
36. For tired feet.
37. Anode closing contraction.
38. The objective of the one attempting this puzzle.
39. Put before members when Father went to school.
40. An abbreviation for a subject taken in Victoria College.
41. A Hebrew word of uncertain meaning.

42. What comes before responsibility in a G.P.I.
43. Abbreviation meaning Myopic Astigmatism.
45. What some men get when they go to a dance.
46. A corrupt form of Evylin.
47. What some girls aspire to.
48. Biblical term meaning what one does with one's uncultivated grain.
49. A boat signal.
50. What we hope to do with the Council.
51. A surgeon in T.G.H.

VERTICAL

1. Formation of intestinal fistulae.
2. A collection of instruments.
3. One who stimulates.
4. A doctor who seldom says what he means.
6. Sudamina. A disorder of the sudorific glands with obstruction of their ducts.
7. Disease of the gall bladder.
9. What idealists aspire to.
10. What one man knocks another for.
11. A fashionable operation.
16. What sailors bend to.
20. O. R. U.
22. On the edge of.
23. A position, right or left.
26. A form of pot used in cases with pyelitis.
- 30a. A common skin eruption.
33. One who utters nonsense.
35. What one often loses when going up for a quiz.
36. Vehicles.
44. Number of twins.

LOW BRIDGE

The inquisitive old lady was bending over the bed of a wounded soldier whose head was swathed with cotton and linen.

"Were you wounded in the head, my boy?" she asked.

"No'm," replied a faint voice. "I was shot in the foot and the bandage has slipped up."—American Legion Weekly.

A bank takes on a number of young men during the summer. On their salary receipts is printed a legend something like this:

"Your salary is your personal business—a confidential matter—and should not be disclosed to anybody else."

One of the new boys, in signing this receipt, added:

"I won't mention it to anybody. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are."—Presbyterian Witness.

He was rushing through the station when a pretty woman stopped him.

"Would you please help the Working Girls' Home?"

"Certainly, but I haven't much time. Where are they?"—More Pep.

CATCHY ADVERTISING

This advertisement recently appeared in the town newspaper:

"The ladies of Plum Creek Church have discarded clothes of all kinds. Call at 44 North Plum Street and inspect them."—Earth Mover.

His Father—So you know as much as your teacher, do you? Where do you get that idea?

Bobby—She told me so herself. She said she couldn't teach me nothin.'—Ex.

Kind Aunt—Now, Jimmy, be a good boy and I'll give you an ice cream sundae.

Jimmy—But I won't be here Sunday.

SHAKES A WICKED SUSPENDER

When Bill came home one morning during a Kansas City trip he found his friend Joe trying to bandage a piece of raw beefsteak over his left eye. His chin was already decorated with strips of adhesive plaster.

"What's the matter, Joe? I thought you had a date to-night with that girl you met at noon."

"I did," responded Bill, "but she didn't think it proper to go out with me on such short acquaintance, so we decided to stay in and dance."

"But what's that got to do with your mutilated phiz?"

"Well, you see, we had started the phonograph and were dancing when her father came in. He's as deaf as a post, and he couldn't hear the music."—Earth Mover.

STUDIES IN CONCRETE

The teacher was explaining the difference between "abstract" and "concrete" and was endeavoring to make her explanation simple and clear.

"Now," she said, "abstract is something you cannot see and concrete is something you can see."

Billy looked quite enlightened, so teacher ventured to test her explanation. "Willie," she said, "give me an explanation of something concrete."

"My pants," replied Billy.

"Correct," said the teacher, gratified; "and now something abstract."

"Yours," was Billy's ready response. He stayed in that afternoon.—Earth Mover.

Student—In taking off plaster don't you sometimes nick the skin?

Surgeon H.S.C.—Oh yes, but it always heals up again.

What do the Surgeons mean by A Cute Abdomen?

Things to be avoided:

Differential calculus

Renal ditto.



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